

# THE WHIG CREED.

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## MISCELLANEOUS.

### ADVENTURES OF CAPTAIN SIMON SUGGS. SIMON SPECULATES.

There are few of the old settlers of the Creek territory, in Alabama, who do not recollect the great Indian council held at Dudley's store, in Talapoosa county, in September of the year 1835. In those days, an occasion of the sort drew together white man and Indian from all quarters of the "nation"—the one to cheat, the other to be cheated. The agent appointed by the government to "certify" the sales of Indian lands, was always in attendance; so that the scene was generally one of active traffic.

As a matter of course our friend and hero the Captain, was at the council. He was never known to absent himself from any congregation. If out of funds, he went to "recruit"; if he had a "stake," he attended at the "Tiger"—which then was peripatetic and almost omnipresent, because at that time our supreme court judges had not muzzled him—might have an opportunity of devouring it. On the present occasion he really had business; for he had brought with him to be "certified"—that is, to submit for the approval of the government agent, a contract for sale of her land—an Indian woman, whose "reserve" was an excellent one. Simon had contracted to pay her two hundred dollars and three blankets for it; and as she happened to take a liking to him, she perceived that he should have it at the price, to selling to others who were offering her a thousand. In this, the "Big Widow" but illustrated a waywardness amounting to absolute stupidity, which was common among the Creeks. It was in vain that she was assailed on all hands, and persuaded to accept a larger price. "The Mad Bird"—so was the Captain called by the Indians—she would observe, "would give her three blankets and two hundred dollars, and she would give him her land. The Mad Bird was a good friend, and had a sweet tongue; and if she gave her land to any body else, he would have the 'big mad,' and then he wouldn't give her tobacco and sweet water any more."

There was but one obstacle in the way of the Captain's making a very handsome speculation; but that was a very serious one under present circumstances; he didn't happen to have the money. True, we have said in another chapter that the Captain disdained to embark in speculations requiring the investment of cash capital; but the reader must do us the justice to recollect, that "there is no rule without an exception. In a general way, we know we have asserted, and we here re-assert that Simon Suggs could, by the force of his own genius, speculate without funds; but we would like to know how a reasonable man could expect Captain Suggs or any one else, to purchase an Indian's land without money, when by an act of Congress it was requisite that the appraised price should be paid in the presence of the agent. Could the Captain have had the use, for only ten minutes, of two hundred dollars, he could easily have owned the big widow's low grounds, and paid the money back, too, had he chosen so to do. Unfortunately, however, such a loan was not to be obtained, and his efforts to "make the raise," caused it to be known that he had no means of paying the widow for her land at that time. This fact—for it was so regarded, very correctly—gave each of a half-dozen others speculators on the ground, encouragement to hope that he might be the lucky purchaser. They then beset the old woman, one after another, so that she had scarcely time to cook the sophy for her children, or drink a spoonful herself, still the resolutely adhered to her promise to the Mad Bird, and would not sell to any other. At length the Captain hit upon an expedient, and calling together his rivals at the widow's camp, he harangued them.

"Gentlemen," said he, "you all know this here old widdier Injun is under promise to me, to sell me her land! Now I takes it to be d—d ongentlemanly, gentlemen, that you all, bein' in the same line of business with myself, should endeavour to take advantage of a feller's bein' a leetle low down, and steal his honest contract. But, howsoever, gentlemen, that's not the pint of my discourse, which are shortly this; if any of you gentlemen, will shell out the necessary trimmings, so's that the old lady here can pass muster before the agent, I'll let him have an even intrust with me in the land! Which of you'll do it, gentlemen?—don't all speak out at once!"

Colonel Bryan whispered to General Lawson, and Major Taylor whispered to Mr. Goodwin; and then they all whispered

together and then they all stopped and looked at one another, not knowing what to say.

"Out with it gentlemen," exclaimed Simon—"don't spile the shape on it by keepin' it in!"

"Can't stand it, Simon," said Lawson. "As good as wheat!" replied Simon, "but I'll eat Satan raw and unsalted, if any of you ever git a foot of the land. I'm not quite as fur down as you think. There's an old friend of mine not twenty mile from here, that's got three or four hamper baskets full o' Mexicans, and I guess I can git the chance to have the tooth drawd!" Then turning to the Big Widow, and indicating with his finger the point in the heavens at which the sun would be the next morning at ten o'clock, he told her if he was not back by the time it got there, she might believe that he had failed to procure the money, and sell to whom she pleased. He then mounted his pony and galloped off.

The next day, at a very early hour, the speculators were tugging at the Big Widow, each striving to induce her to sell to himself in case Simon should not return, upon which they all confidently calculated. Each made so tempting an offer that the poor woman knew not which to accept; or, rather, she accepted them all in turn. The land was worth fifteen hundred dollars, and eight hundred were already bid when Simon's limit was within a half hour of its expiration. At length the sun reached the ten o'clock point, and the Captain not appearing, the rivals among them, pushed and pulled the old squaw up to the shed under which the agent was "certifying." Here a general fight ensued; Colonel Bryan striking Major Taylor across the nose in the enthusiasm of the moment, and General Lawson doing something of the same sort for Mr. Goodwin, because he apprehended that the row would become general, and those would fare best who struck soonest and hardest.

Just at this moment, Simon dashed up at full speed.

"Don't break all the crockery, gentlemen," he shouted: "Just give a poor man a chance to make an honest contract, won't ye?"

"The Mad Bird has come back, I will give my land to him," said the Big Widow, approaching Simon, who had dismounted, and was bending beneath the weight of a very plethoric pair of saddle-bags.

The fighting ceased when Suggs made his appearance, and there was a moment's silence. The first to break it was General Lawson.

"Mr. Suggs," said he, "I'd like to have an interest in your contract, and I'm willing to pay for it. I'll find the money to pay the Indian, and give you an interest of one-third."

"Not 'thout I was willing, would ye?" asked Suggs, jeeringly.

"I'll do better than that," said Taylor, wiping the blood from his nose; "I'll furnish the money, and give you half the land sells for when we part with it!"

"Very proverbially," remarked Simon, "very proverbially! But unless some one ye counts me out five hundred, and furnishes your own money to buy the land, I shall have to on-lock these here," patting his saddle-bags, "and buy it myself."

"I'll do it!" said Colonel Bryan, who had been making a calculation on the inside of the crown of his hat—"I'll do it!"

"Ah!" said Suggs, "that's what made the chickens squall! You're the man I'm a huntin'! Draw your weepins!"

The land was forthwith "certified" to Suggs, who immediately transferred it to Bryan.

"Now, gentlemen," said the Captain—"every body's satisfied—aint they?"

"If they aint, they ought to be," replied Colonel Bryan, who was delighted with his bargain.

"I think so too," remarked Suggs, "and bein' as that's the case," he continued, opening his saddle-bags, "I'll throw out these here rocks and old iron, for it's mighty tiresome to a horse!" and the Captain did throw out the rocks and old iron!

The speculators vanished!

"This here's a mighty hard world," murmured the Captain to himself, musingly, "to get along in. Ef a feller don't make every aidge cut, he's in the back-ground directly. It's tile and strive, and tussle every way, to make an honest livin'." Well! he continued, in a strain of unusual piety, as he threw up and caught again, a rouleau of dollars—"Well! that is a Providence that purvides; and ef a man will only stand squar' up to what's right, it will prosper his endeavors to make somethin' to feed his children on! Yes, that is a Providence! I should like to see the man would say that aint. I don't hold with no sich. Ef a man says that aint no Providence, you may be sure tha's something wrong here!" striking in the region of his vest pocket—"and that man will swindle you ef he can—CERTAIN!"

The latest question in physiology is: whether those persons who eat salt-petred beef will explode?

## THE MOCKING BIRD.

Bird of the wild and wondrous song,  
I hear thy rich and varied voice,  
Swelling the greenwood depths among,  
Till hill and dale the while rejoice!  
Spell-bound, entranc'd in rapture's chain!  
I list to that inspiring strain!  
I thread the forest's tangled maze  
The thousand choristers to see,  
Who mingled thus their voices raise.  
In that delicious minstrelsy;  
I search in vain each pause between—  
The choral band is still unseen!

'Tis but the music of a dream—  
An airy sound that mocks the ear—  
But hark again! the eagle's scream,  
It rose and fell distinct and clear!  
And list—in yonder hawthorn bush,  
The red bird, robin, and the thrush!  
Lost in amaze I look around,  
Nor thrush, nor eagle there behold—  
But still that rich, aerial sound,  
Falls sweetly on the ravish'd soul!

And yet, the woods are vocal still;  
The air is musical with song,  
O'er the near stream—above the hill,  
The whirling notes are borne along!  
But whence that gush of rare delight!  
And what art thou? or bird or sprite?  
Perch'd on yon maple's topmost bough,  
With glancing wings and restless feet,  
Bird of untiring throat, art thou  
Sole songster in this concert sweet!  
So perfect, full, and rich each part,  
It mocks the highest reach of art!

Once more, once more, that thrilling strain!  
Ill-omen'd owl, be mute, be mute!  
Thy native notes I hear again,  
More sweet than harp or lover's lute;  
Compared with thy impassioned tale;  
How cold, how tame, the nightingale!  
Alas! capricious in thy power—  
Thy "wood-note wild" again is fled—  
The mimic rules the changeable hour,  
And all the "soul of song" is dead!  
But no—to every borrow'd tone,  
He lends a sweetness all his own!

On glittering wing, erect and bright,  
With arrowy speed he darts aloft,  
As tho' his soul had ta'en its flight,  
In that last strain so sad and soft,  
And he would call it back to life,  
To mingle in the mimic strife!

And ever to each fitful lay  
His frame in restless motion wheels,  
As though he would indeed essay  
To act the ecstasy he feels,  
As though his very feet kept time  
To that inimitable chime!

And ever, as the rising moon  
Climbs with full orb the trees above  
He sings his most enchanting tune,  
While echo wakes thro' all the grove;  
His descent soothes, in cares despite,  
The weary watches of the night;  
The sleeper from his couch starts up  
To listen to that lay forlorn,  
And he who quaffs the midnight cup  
Looks out to see the purpling morn!  
O! ever in the merry spring,  
Sweet mimic, let me hear thee sing!

## PADdle YOUR OWN CANOE.

BY MARINUS "IN THE DELTA."

My father died, God rest his soul,  
When years I numbered two,  
And left me 'midst this world alone  
To paddle my own canoe.

A step-granddad, now no more,  
Taught me my P's and Q's—  
And ever in my ears he dunn'd!  
You'll paddle your own canoe.

My home was no Elysian spot  
Of bright and sunny hue,  
And therefore I the sooner left,  
To paddle my own canoe.

And through the world I roamed at large,  
O'er land and ocean blue;  
And though the struggle oft was hard,  
I paddled my own canoe.

For thus I argued—man to man  
Is often times untrue;—  
Then while with health and strength your'e  
Just paddle your own canoe. [blest,

As partners in the strife for gain  
Self interest will pursue;  
And leave you with their debts, perhaps,  
To paddle in your canoe.

And then no sympathy you'll find  
From friends that once were true—  
They knew you lost when first you ceased  
To paddle your own canoe.

But I one cherished object sought  
And ever kept in view;  
A friend of pure unsullied heart,  
To paddle in my canoe.

A friend she is in rede and deed—  
Her interest mine is too;  
We twain are one—I still may say  
I paddle my own canoe.

THE STEAMBOAT CAPTAIN AND A CUSTOMER.—  
The following colloquy actually occurred, some few trips back, between a steamboat captain and a customer on the banks of the Mississippi, who was sitting on a pile of cord-wood, as the boat passed by:

Captain B. hailed him—  
"What wood is that?"

"It's cord-wood," replied the chopper, with great unconcern.

"How long has it been cut?" enquired the captain.

"Four feet," said the wood merchant.

"Give her a lick a-head," said the captain, to cut short the sparring. "Tell your friends if ever you get drowned, to look for you at the falls of St. Anthony."

CISTERN WATER.—One of the best and most useful papers in this part of the country is the *Concordia (La.) Intelligence*. The editor has a faculty of hitting upon subjects generally neglected, but which are of importance to every one of his readers, and of bringing them into notice in a practical and forcible manner. The article we copy to-day under the above caption is of this kind, and should be perused by every one who drinks water, particularly those who are not prone to correcting its impurities by more artificial means. We have no doubt that half the diseases of our climate, as they are called, have been engendered or fostered by drinking impure water. Such stuff as we have had offered us for "drinking water," in travelling through our State before now, ought to be kept out of the reach even of stock. Every firm which is not supplied with pure spring or running water, should have plenty of cistern water upon it.—*Southron.*

CISTERN WATER.—THE HILLS AND THE LOW LANDS.—An agricultural paper asks for information as regards the influence of cistern water upon the health of negroes, where cisterns had lately been substituted for well or spring water in the Hills of Mississippi.

We answer most emphatically, that the results have been most happy—an improvement of health either amongst negroes or whites; laborers, or those living at their ease must as a necessary consequence follow such change in Mississippi or Louisiana; where, except in very few cases, the spring and well water is impregnated with impurities from the stratum of rotten lime stone which pervades almost the entire range of Southern Mississippi; the scientific term for the stone we speak of, is unknown to us, its properties however are universally admitted to be deleterious in their influence upon the health of those habitually using water which flows through this range.

CISTERN WATER IN THE UPLANDS OF MISSISSIPPI IS THE PUREST WATER THAT CAN BE PROCURED IN THE WORLD, if properly caught and attended to, and if the cisterns are properly constructed, sufficient depth given them, and slight protection above ground, the water is sufficiently cool to be used at all times, fresh from the cistern without ice, and is healthier too!

It is the opinion of many, that each family should have at least two cisterns, one for ordinary purposes from which water for washing, cooking, bathing, &c., may be at all times taken, and during winter to be used for drinking, while the other should be filled only with the cold, pure rains of the winter—closed, and not used until the summer heats commence. As regards this, we tried the experiment two years in succession, as stated in the last sentence, of catching winter water. And to test the utility of the plan, for the two succeeding years, of filling the cistern at intervals when required during the spring and summer months from the rain which then fell, taking pains that the roof of the building supplying the cistern should be well washed during a hard shower previous to turning the spout in.

We found not one particle of difference in the water; we did not test it with the thermometer, but judged by using it—in this cistern, and in every cistern we have ever had charge of, we have usually placed some three or four small fish for the purpose of ridding the water of any impurity that may, unnoted, happen to pass in. The effect is, the water is as pure as crystal, no sign of miles or animalcules, or any foreign matter, as limpid as the purest drop that could be imagined; if one of the fish dies, the bad and offensive effects may be removed by a small quantity of the chloride of soda or lime well mixed in a bucket and thrown in.

A scientific gentleman in Natchez, once purchased a large amount of ice and filled his cistern with the intention of having ICE WATER ALL SUMMER, a few weeks of warm weather, succeeded, and his ice water was stale, flat and rapid, most sickening to the taste—as much so as his most nauseous drugs.

The explanation in relation to this, and the first named case, is, we believe as follows: The water must within a certain period attain and retain the temperature of the earth surrounding it, the winter water and the ice water alike, cannot retain a degree of cold above that temperature, and the summer water acquires from the same cause a similar temperature within the space of time referred to.

Pure water, caught at any season, within a few days, passes off or settles any particles that are not discernible, and one is as good, as palatable, as cool and healthy as the other.

The use of CISTERNS in the lowlands has been attended with the best results, and the man who has the ability and means to build them for the use of his negroes, does himself great injustice and injury in not at once building the number required. The cistern on the lowlands, should be well built of brick and thoroughly cemented at the lowest stage of water, the objection to the erection of cisterns in the lowlands, is that in consequence of the irruption of seepage or transportation water, there is difficulty in digging to sufficient depth to ensure a pleasant temperature; the water however contained, and caught as before named, will be pure but warm; we know of many of ten feet depth, others again twenty, the latter of brick and cemented, and the latter, in our eye and to the

taste, in the warm summer time, like to the fountain where met the SOLDAN and the COEUR DE LEBON—diamonds of—not the desert, but the Garden Land of Louisiana.

We had, previous to penning this article, prepared two others, urging the importance of attempting, in this region of the lowlands, the Artesian plan of boring. This, we believe, will prove in the end the best and cheapest plan of procuring a most abundant supply of water, pure as the purest fountains of the far north-west, and indeed, may it not be that the silver thread of a fountain having its home in the *Trous-Maserne* or even the *Rocky Mountains* might be tapped here within our view; the flow of such a stream would in its gushings send forth gems of health sparkling as nectar, and give play to the taste of many a fair dame and gentle damsel who could amid the garden walk, where flourished the flowers of her choice and tending, the gentle rivulet, and the purling stream, imitating and improving on the hints given by nature in those picturesque features which lend their loveliness to the other lands.

LUBRICATIONS OF PHIZ.—As we sat in our arm-chair last night meditating on the gigantic strides which science is making in the present century, no sound to disturb our cogitations save the foot-fall of a dilatory denizen hastening to his hotel, or occasionally the boisterous merriment of a re-velling party, we unconsciously dropped into a slumber. Our mind having been previously engrossed by Babbage, Dr. Lardner and Arkwright, images of spinning frames, railroads, patent lights and magnetic telegraphs, fitted through our mind, and we imagined that we had slept till the year 1900, and found ourselves in a railroad car bound for the State of California, the car being lighted up by gas. We found ourselves seated alongside a jolly looking, red-nosed elderly gentleman, to whom we addressed ourselves, and found him intelligent and willing to gratify our curiosity with regard to the country. "We shall be in the City of Oregon in two hours," said our friend. "At what Hotel do you stop?" "Really, sir," said we, "being a stranger in this city, perhaps you will point out a respectable hotel." "Certainly, sir; the Columbia Hotel is the best in North America, and I shall conduct you there, as I put up there myself," and as he said this, the train stopped, and we entered a populous and splendid looking city, and following our *cicerone*, he led the way to the Hotel, where we found ourselves sitting in the traveller's hall with a glass of brandy and water and a mild regalia seegar before us. "Waiter," said we, "let us have this day's paper," which was entitled "The Oregon Gazette." The first article that attracted our attention was headed, "Per Telegraph from Washington," and gave the news of a few hours before, from which we read a few extracts. One advertisement ran thus—"Wanted, a man of strong lungs, and long winded, to act as fireman on Jones' Patent Flying Machine." "News from Great Britain in four days." "News from the city of Columbia, in Oregon, by telegraph—through in twelve hours." "Patent Light, warranted to give sufficient light for all purposes at the distance of two miles." "Notice is hereby given that the patent fly Washington will leave to-morrow for the North Pole, and all intermediate landings, at 4 p. m. For freight or passage, apply at the Polar Office." "Serious Accident.—As the Oregon fly, was putting on more steam, as it is supposed, to enable her to pass the Britain, a terrific explosion took place just over New Orleans, when it was found that the boiler had burst, killing the engineer. The passengers were taken off by the latter." "Wanted, a person qualified to feed an engine for the manufacture of Gentlemen's Clothing." Thus far had we read when the book which we held in our hand dropped heavily on the floor and awoke us; not a sound to be heard but the ticking of the old clock in our chamber, which suddenly struck two, and we retired to bed to continue our dreams.—*N. Orleans Delta.*

A CLEVER ANECDOTE.—A good story is told of Professor Humphrey, of Amherst College. One morning, before recitation, some of the students fastened a live goose on the President's chair. When he entered the room and discovered the new occupant of his seat, he turned upon his heel and coolly observed:

"Gentlemen, I perceive you have a competent instructor, and I will, therefore, leave you to your studies."

SERIOUS WITTICISM.—Some friends were commenting on Byron's scheme for collecting into a melancholy jest book, the last sallies of distinguished men.

"Sir Thomas Moore," said one, "was witty even on the scaffold."

"Aye," replied another, "and it is well known that the grave Charles I. was so struck with the gesticulation of the executioner, that he could not keep his countenance!"

CIVILITY TO A JUDGE.—Two tonnies wishing to be very civil to a certain judge, one of them began:

"Your honor knows how to manage these drunkards and rascals equal to clock-work."

"Yes," cried the other, "when your honor gets a parcel of these ragmuffin thieves around you, your honor is perfectly at home."